

they were lucky to get the side out at all. It was almost a case of fanning a man to retire him, as Ray Schalk and Red Kuhn, the double-gaited receivers, were not making errors. The rest of the team was not dependable. Most anything that was hit went for a clean safety, and if the Sox players were forced to stand in front of the ball they fought doughtily, and easily repulsed the pill, with great loss to the Hose crew.

Details of the bloody affair are not palatable. Weaver made a pair of costly errors, Rath one and Bodie one. O'Brien was hit safely eight times in five innings, seven runs and four hits were registered off Doc White before he could get a man out in the sixth, and Kid Smith was thumped for five safeties, though he was not scored on.

Buck O'Brien made his debut in a Sox uniform, and ran into misfortune from the start. The former Red Sox hurler was hit hard, but his new team-mates did not give him much assistance. Buck Weaver plied trouble on the other Buck's shoulders by tossing a single far out in right field for one of the runs scored. This cruel blow hurt the pitching Buck. Heinie Wagner never treated him like that.

Doc White pitched one of the weirdest innings ever recorded in baseball. A single, hit batsman, error, single, single, error and home run, in the order named, counted seven runs without a man being put out. When Doc started to fill the sacks again by walking Hartzell, Callahan yanked the dentist, as he desired to get the side out before darkness. Kid Smith was hit vigorously during four innings, but got by scoreless.

Daniels of the Yanks soaked a triple and three singles, Knight whaled a trio of one-timers, and Birdie Cree poked a homer with the bases loaded in addition to a single. His four-baser went over the iron gate in left field.

Chase and Bodie bunched a pair of triples in the second for the only Sox run. Beall and Rath were the other guys to hit Keating safely.

The present home stand of the White Sox is going to be disastrous if there is not a marked improvement in the batting. In their three games against the Yankees Callahan's band amassed the remarkable total of 13 hits, and were lucky to win a single game. This brand of stickwork may win one-third of the games played against the Yanks, but it won't produce when stacked up against the war clubs of the Red Sox, Athletics and Washington. Fifteen games are yet to be played against the Eastern teams, including the double-header with Boston today. The hard spot will be the six contests to be pulled off with the mauling Mackmen.

The sagging stickwork is general throughout the team. Chase has dipped badly, Lord is slipping, Buck Weaver has gone hitless for some time, Bodie is in the same boat, and John Collins is probably the worst sufferer of the lot, so far as his private batting average is concerned. Rath has been doing his share, more than he has done heretofore, and Ray Schalk has been a bright spot in a flock of gloom. Beall is clubbing fairly.

What happened to the Sox was gruesome enough, but over in New York the Cubs were being treated to cruelties especially designed for them by John McGraw.

The strain of getting together and playing a real ball game Thursday was too much for Evers' athletics and they cracked wide open, giving even worse exhibitions than in the first two New York games. Jim Lavender was a victim for the second time in the series, poor support paving the way for his downfall, just as it did in the opener, when he had the game won until his backers began stopping balls with their feet instead of hands.

The infield, already shot to pieces.